

WINCHESTER ALMY BULLETIN.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

VOL. I.

NO.

The Army Bulletin.

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Our stock of Jobbing Materials is large, all embraces an endless variety, for printing and kinds of work, both

PLAIN AND FANCY.

In the best style, and on short notice. Terms of printing will be more reasonable than ever before offered in this region. Payment in all cases to be made in advance, and in GREEN-BACKS.

For the Bulletin.

A Fallen Fox.

To the Memory of the Rebel Captain of Cavalry who fell in the battle of Stone River, his broken sword lying near him.

His broken sword was thrown away,
And by it on the ground he lay—

His glory fled,
The only herald of his fame,
Was the silent hilt which bore his name,

The crying dead.

A broken sword became him best,
Now he had lain him down to rest—

To wake no more,

And he ne'er the sword will wield,
Nor clad with pomp the gory field

As oft before.

Say all the swords that have been made,
Are used by nob in their raid

Against the nation,

It served forever cast aside,
No one our country to divide—

In all creation.

And when that time appears,
Long since foretold by holy seers—

Of war's decease,

Let all destructive weapons made
Be forged to aid the Lucifer's trade—

Cry still and peace.

The Three Pictures.

It is a form of girlish mould,
Like the spread of the branches old.

At a well known beech tree,

With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
To the breeze waving them fold upon fold.

Waiting for me.

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Battle of Gettysburg.

Heroic Conduct of our entire Army—Batt
Scenes and Incidents.

The correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from the head-quarters of the army of the Potomac, July 4th, describes the last two days of the battle of Gettysburg as follows:

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces who witnessed it from Cemetery Hill will linger forever. From its crest the muzzles of fifty cannon pointed towards the hills beyond the town. From the bluffs to the right and left additional artillery frowned, an away on either sides, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved in battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales. The roofs of Gettysburg in the valley below, their rifts of woodland along the borders of Rock creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared was never made to be marred by the clangor of battle. It stretched out to the cemetery, where the dew was yet melted from the grass, and leaning against a monument to listen to the singing of the birds. One note, milder than the rest, had just broken from the throat of an oriole in the foliage above me when the sudden rattle of musketry rent the air, and although no notable demonstration was made during the forenoon, it was apparent that the enemy was feeling our strength preliminary to some decisive effort.

The day wore on full of anxious suspense. It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy gave voice in earnest.

He then began a heavy fire on Cemetery Hill. It must not be thought that this wrathful fire was unanswered. Our artillery began to play within a few moments, and hurled back defiance and like destruction upon the rebel lines. Until 6 o'clock the roar of cannon, the rush of missiles, and the bursting of bombs, filled the air. The clangor alone of this awful combat might well have confused and awed a less cool and watchful commander than Gen. Meade. It did not confuse him. With the calculation of a mechanician and the eye of an experienced judge he watched from his headquarters on the hill whatever movement under the murky cloud which enveloped the rebel lines might first disclose the intention which it was evident this artillery firing covered.

About 6 o'clock P. M., silence, deep, awfully impressive, but momentary, was permitted as if by magic to dwell upon the field. Only the groans unheard before of the wounded and dying, only the murmur—a mournful memory—of the breeze through the foliage, only the low rattle of preparation for what was to come, embowered this blank stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the village was lightly borne to the eastward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a double-step. Magnificent! Such a charge by such a force—full 45,000 men, under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the 3d corps, against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it. Gen. Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that shocked, but could

not fully restrain it. Back, inch by inch, fighting, falling, dying, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on more furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in scores. General Sickles, fighting desperately, was struck in the leg and fell. The 2d corps came to the aid of the decimated column. The battle then and most sanguinary of the war. It was begun at daylight by Gen. Sickles, whose troops maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrieve the position lost by them on the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewell. That General's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by them yesterday. It was desperation against courage. The enemy's fire was mingled with volleys, pitched even above its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which they did receive them was so rapid and thick as to envelope the ranks of its defenders with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle which lasted thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall no straggler came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a hell hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage as before. The strong position occupied by Gen. Geary, and that held by General Birney, met the first and hardest assaults, but only fell back a short distance before fearful odds, to re-advance, to re-assume and to hold their places in company with Sykes' division of the 3d corps, and Humphrey's [Berry's old division] of the 3d, when, judiciously reinforced with artillery, they renewed and con-
tinued and re-advanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it was mortal.

The enemy gradually drew forward his whole line until in many places a hand-to-hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns, with frightful result, yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way evenly contested for a time, but at a moment when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a reinforcement arrived and were formed in line in such a position as to entice the enemy, and teach him at last the futility of his efforts. Disordered, routed and confused, his whole force retreated, and at 10 o'clock the rebels ceased and the stillness of death ensued. This silence continued until 2 P. M., during which the rebel artillery from all regiments, in a circle radiating around our own, began a trifling and concentrated fire on Cemetery Hill, which was held I have previously stated, by the 11th and 3d corps. The line of pickets, which for ten minutes previously had deserted the spot above, were suddenly called back, the flock of horses running now in fits of wild racing, as if to save themselves from our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke in at a sudden, the soldiers and officers, who expected it to begin, then took cover in the houses on the plaza. At 4 o'clock P. M., the smoke cleared away, and the battle was over.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.
This last engagement has been the greatest

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